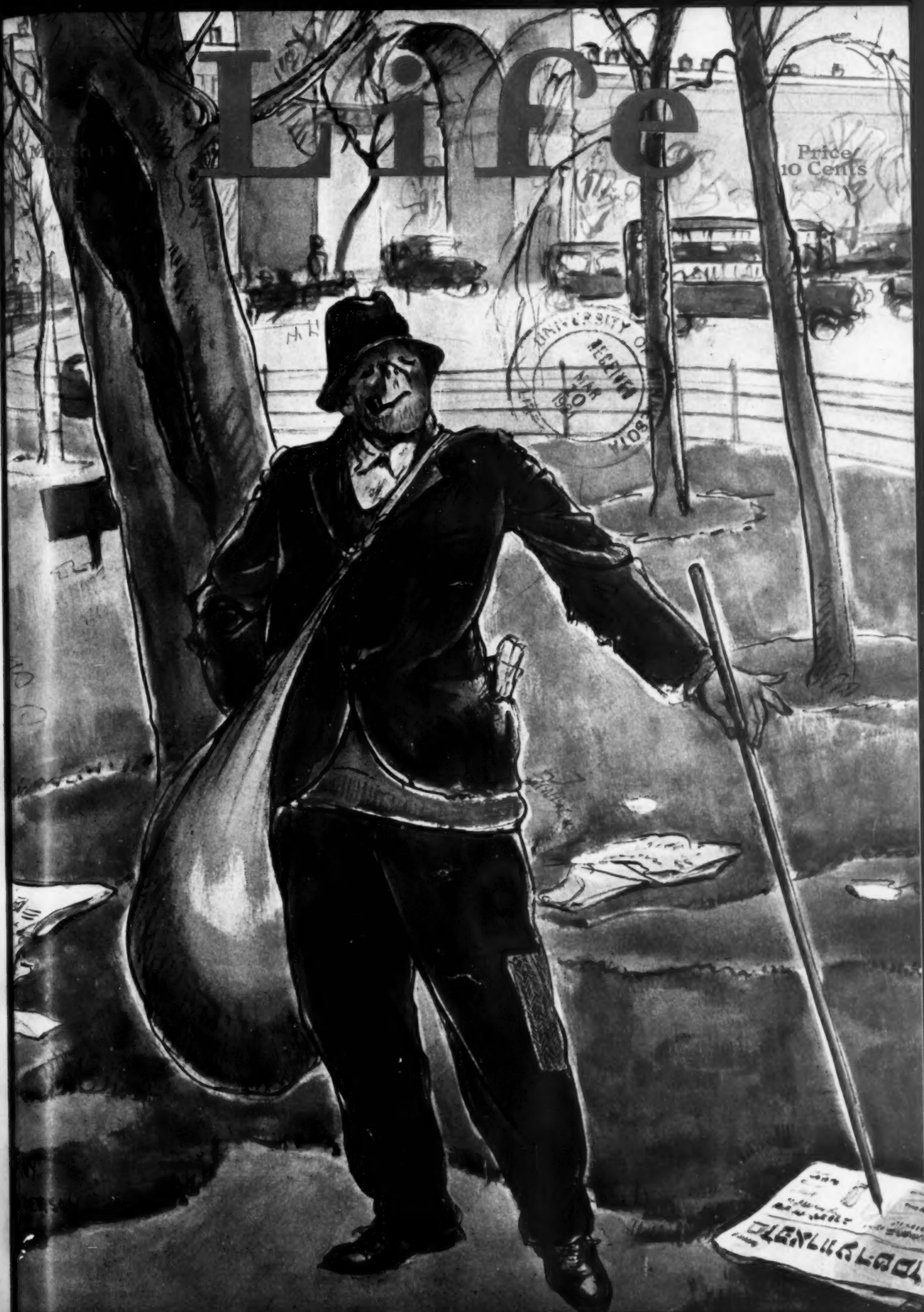


Life

Price
10 Cents





**THE
HIGH-ALTITUDE
SMOKER*
SAID,**

***"Sure,
it's the
Clean Taste!"***

"When they switched me to the mountain route," he went on, "I switched to Spuds. Flying high altitudes, I found my regular brand left me sort of nauseated. Spud's cooler, cleaner taste kept my mouth sort of moist-cool and comfortable, if you get me. That's my Spud story."

We get you, sky skimmer! Because that's everybody's Spud story... no matter what the smoking condition... Spud keeps you mouth-happy. Try Spud for this "cleaner taste"... the grand new freedom in old-fashioned tobacco enjoyment!

* One of those interviewed in our recent survey amongst America's 2,000,000 Spud smokers.

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MENTHOL-COOLED
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"Help—I can't swim!"
 "Y' got nothin' on me, I can't neither."



Stiffest Beards Wilt Before Small-bubble Action

*... Colgate's softens hair at skin-line,
 makes shaves closer, cleaner, longer-lasting*

Wire whiskers? Sure. Lots of men have them. They're the men who cling to Colgate's. For they find that small-bubble lather tames the wildest whiskers. It paves the way for razors right *at the skin line*. Colgate shaves last longer. Here's why...

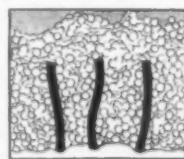
The minute you lather up with Colgate's two things happen: First, the soap in the lather breaks up the oil film that covers each hair. Second, billions of tiny, moisture-laden bubbles seep down through your beard... crowd around each whisker... soak it soft with water right at the skin-line where your razor

works. Result: A closer, smoother, longer-lasting shave.

A comparative test is easy—just mail the coupon, now. We will also send you a sample of After-Shave, a new lotion... refreshing, delightful... the perfect finale for every shave.



ORDINARY LATHER
 This lather-picture (greatly magnified) of ordinary shaving cream shows how large, air-filled bubbles fail to get to the base of the beard; and how they hold air, instead of water, against the whiskers.



COLGATE LATHER
 This picture of Colgate Lather (same magnification) shows how myriads of tiny bubbles hold water, not air, in direct contact with the base of the beard. This softens every whisker right where the razor works.



COLGATE, Dept. M-1136, P.O. Box 375
 Grand Central Post Office, New York City

Please send me, FREE, the seven-day trial tube of Colgate's Rapid Shave Cream; also a sample bottle of "After-Shave."

Name.....
 Address.....
 City..... State.....



IT MIGHT HAVE BEEN YOU

Nothing to disturb his walk until—

"Put 'em up, brother!" . . . a gun in his ribs . . . stripped of watch, ring and wallet . . . not a scratch to show for it.

Most of his money was saved. For he carried A. B. A. Cheques, and the money represented by the cheques was refunded.

A. B. A. Cheques are the modern way of protecting your money against theft, loss or destruction in any way.

Invaluable when traveling, A. B. A. Cheques are equally useful at home. Use them instead of cash, everywhere.



A·B·A CHEQUES

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**OFFICIAL TRAVEL CHEQUE OF
AMERICAN BANKERS ASSOCIATION**



WILSON THE UNKNOWN, by Wells Wells. *Chas. Scribner's Sons*, \$2.50. Gathering up the scarlet, green and white threads of the tangled controversy as to the character and motives of our great war president, the masked author sorts them out with considerable skill, and with liberal intelligence. Admirable, if still blurred portrait, not final. And why doesn't the author sign his name? An able lawyer, doubtless he belongs to a number of clubs, and cherishes his private peace.

THE ROAD TO CULTURE, by Chas. Gray Shaw. *Funk & Wagnalls*, \$2. Friend-professor Shaw succeeds here, by sheer personal charm of style, in lifting a generally banal and invariably vulgar subject into a mood which makes us feel that we don't much care any more, even if we *are* cultured. He says it is the art of knowing exactly what to do with oneself. How awful! Still, we survive his offhandy pages.

THE BLACK NAPOLEON (Toussaint Louverture), by Percy Waxman. *Harcourt Brace & Co.*, \$3.50. We always knew that the author of this best biography of the season could write, being the editor of a widely popular woman's magazine; but that he should entertain and nail us down to this exciting presentation of one of the greatest of historical negroes is more than we bargained for. And the white Napoleon thought it an "honorable" matter to have him jailed!

THE CHRISTOPHER ROBIN BIRTHDAY BOOK, by A. A. Milne, drawings by E. H. Shepard. *E. P. Dutton & Co.*, \$2. The proper test for any children's book is whether children can read it aloud to their parents to keep them quiet, and have the parents cry for more. This is that kind of a book. If your birthday is in March you will learn that you are a "clever sort" and that you have a "peaceful smile."

THE MAKING OF A LADY, southern novel by Sara Haardt. *Doubleday, Doran & Co.*, \$2.50. The author is the somewhat recent wife of H. L. Mencken, and this story shows that she is more distinguished than extinguished. Sombre psychology, character study of a drab girl climber;—morons, yokels, and social ladies.

—Thomas L. Masson.

listless?



when you eat
too much
chew



**for
digestion**

When you eat a hearty lunch, and have no pep to tackle the rest of your work for the day—just see how much your digestion is to blame.

Chew a stick of this delicious pepsin gum which Dr. Beeman perfected to aid digestion.

For over 30 years, millions have preferred its fresh, keen flavor and satisfying smoothness. When you buy your morning paper, ask for a pack of Beeman's.

**BEEMAN'S
PEPSIN GUM
aids digestion**

Life



A Veteran's Reply To Congress
"I'll wait, Uncle Sam! I've got a job!"

I'VE SEEN YOU SOMEWHERE

A MAN in a red swimming suit plunged into the Pacific Ocean. Behind him was the coast of California. Ahead was a raft. He gained the raft and was in the act of boarding it when he discovered another swimmer had arrived before him. She was in blue.

"I beg your pardon," said the man in the red swimming suit. He would have returned to California immediately had not the woman in the blue swimming suit said, "I've seen you somewhere."

She was a slim, rounded person with friendly blue eyes—in her early twenties or, allowing for climate, in her late twenties at the most, he would say. Several years younger than he was. He said to her, "And I've seen you somewhere."

He was in his early thirties, she would say. Just about her own age. The deep tan on his face stopped at his

neck and the even deeper tan of his arms ended above his elbows. She said to him, "Where?"

"I don't know," he said. "It must have been years ago. To me you are someone I knew well once, possibly in college."

"I was thinking the same about you," she said. "I am sure that once we knew each other quite well."

"My name is . . ."

"Wait!" she silenced him. "Don't spoil it. Let's guess who we are?"

THE man smiled. Here was a companion worthy of the afternoon. He had a fleeting desire to cut the raft's moorings and let it drift to some uninhabited island. "All right," he said. "Who am I?"

"I know you play tennis," she said. "The extent of your suntan tells me that. Or is it golf?"

"It's golf. Or rather it *was* golf. Starting with today I have given it up. Dr. Matthews said worrying about my game was bringing on nervous indigestion and . . ."

"Dr. Matthews?"

"Yes. I was coming along great. Last year I reached the semi-finals in the club tournament and this year I was going around in . . ."

"It's too terrible, isn't it?" she interrupted. "Dr. Matthews is making me give up bridge, starting today. He said I must get my mind off it entirely. That's why I took up swimming."

"I'm glad you did."

"The bridge club is meeting at Mrs. Parker's this afternoon. This evening it meets at Mrs. Stone's—and here I am on a raft."

"At least we have something in common," said the man. "The open championship ends this afternoon and tonight there is a dinner for the winners—and here I am on a raft."

"And we haven't guessed who we are?" she laughed. "I know I've seen you somewhere."

"And I'm equally certain I've seen you somewhere."

"Could it have been in Kansas City?" she asked. "I played there as a representative of the club. At one table my partner bid three hearts and I bid a little slam. The six of clubs was led and . . ."

"Perhaps it was in Seattle?" said the man. "Four of us go up there now and then to play the Belle Meade course. The sixteenth is a 445-yard dog leg. On the left is a lake and on the right is . . ."

"YOU weren't on the cruise to the West Indies, were you? We had 250 players, 62 tables. On the fourth day out I led an ace and . . ."

"Sometimes I go to Fort Worth to visit my brother," said the man. "The ninth hole there is an iron shot. There are two sand traps. One is just to the left of the green and . . ."

"We couldn't have met on a golf course," said the woman. "I don't play golf."

"I don't play bridge," said the man.

Unknown to the two a third swimmer, a youngster of ten or twelve in a yellow swimming suit, had left the California shore. He climbed aboard the raft and, seeing the man in the red swimming suit and the woman in the blue swimming suit, said, "Hello, mom! Hello, dad!"

—Tom Sims.



"My—but there's a lot of married couples out tonight!"

Who—We?

BY BERTON BRALEY

We all wander through Hooley
Breathe, drink and chew Hooley
Dodge or pursue Hooley
Hither and there;
Gentile and Jew Hooley
Moslem, Hindu Hooley,
Somehow we brew Hooley
Out of the air!

When tears start to swim in
The orbs of the women
And eyes, black or bluey,
Grow full
Of brine that is dewy
And just a bit gooey,
We know it's Boo-Hooley
They pull!

While when folks grab spotlights
And ten-thousand-watt lights
And crash every publicised brawl,
And spill their souls—Pfui!—
In talks interviewy
It's just Ballyhooley,
That's all.

Then, as to the fellows
Whose genial bellows
Will greet you wherever you go;
Those back-slappers—Blooie!—
Whose handshakes are gluey
They're spilling Yoo-Hooley
We know.

And when people's game is
To flatter the famous
And tie Lions up with a chain
And wide-eyed and coo-ey,
Feed praise that's too-too-ey,
That's merely Who's-Hooley
It's plain.

So we bestrew Hooley
Gentile and Jew Hooley
Chinese, Hindu Hooley
Yes, every one;
Yet, as we view Hooley
Rosy or blue Hooley
There ain't no *new* Hooley
Under the sun!

Reverse English

The news of English we tell the latest.
Writ in perfectly style and most earliest.
Do a murder commit, we hear of it and
tell it. Do a mighty chief die, we publish
it and in border somber. Staff has each
been colloged and writ like the Kipling
and the Dickens. We circle every town
and extortionate not for advertisements.

—Ad. in the Central China Post.



"Close your little eyes and sleep!"

An inventor has patented a meter for gas, water or electricity which records the amount used in dollars and cents. The ideal meter, though, would be one that you could put in reverse.

"You may safely reduce from five to twenty pounds in two months," says a magazine article. But we find that wearing a collar one size too large gives the same general effect.



"And if you will write to this address you will receive one of our bandy dish mops and a book of timely suggestions."

THE QUESTIONING MUSE

All poetry consists to a greater or less extent of riddles.—Aldous Huxley in the London Spectator.

Why does a chicken cross the road?
To get to the other side.
What is the width of a pair of shoes?
Exactly two feet wide.

How do you make a Maltese cross?
By pulling its tail for fun.
When is a cuckoo clock unkind?
When it strikes its little one.

What three letters make a girl grow old?
The letters A. G. E.
Why doesn't the devil learn to skate?
How in H—I could he?

And isn't a baby not a baby
When he's a little bare (bear)
And an old maid like a wilted apple
Because she is hard to pair (pare).

See?

—W. W. Scott



The locomotive that was afraid of the dark.



"The number has been changed!"

"DOCTOR, I'M A-FREUD!"

THE great psycho-analyst, chin in hand, listened to the recital of his patient's inner life. With skilfull questioning he brought out facts and fancies and fears that had reduced the man on the couch to a miserable being, scarcely worthy of the name of "man".

According to his admission, the patient had married young, and his wife, he revealed, was several years his senior. Their home-life had been fairly peaceful; that is, there never had been any out-and-out hostility, but the learned doctor knew at once that here was a case of continual frustration. A man, by right, the head of his own household, and as such, the leader of his family group, was stripped of his domination by the subtle wiles of a woman, working from behind a veil of deep affection. Consciously, the patient loved his wife; sub-consciously—but only the great psychologist knew!

The doctor stroked his beard, scarcely listening to the drone from the couch. A smile played about his lips, as he tried to sum up the case in a few simple words. In a weary tone the patient murmured: "Oh, I don't know what is the matter with me!" The doctor clapped him on the shoulder:

"Probably," he said, absently, "it's something you hate!" —Dana L. Cottie



SINBAD!

The end of a perfect (March) day.



"It looks like you guys will have to stay a while—there ain't a Magistrate left in New York."

Then Comes Baseball—The Ivory Season

The marble season opens in this country shortly after it adjourns in Washington.

False Steps

In the subway we run into a great many people who seem to be able to think on our feet.

Growing Pains

"I don't believe people are friendly as they were when I was a boy," writes an author. And they aren't half so large.

Open For Advice

"When you have a desire to yawn," advises a physician, "do so to the fullest extent." But don't go away and forget to close your mouth.



"John, I do wish you'd go back to the straight razor."

Probably It Has To Be Known

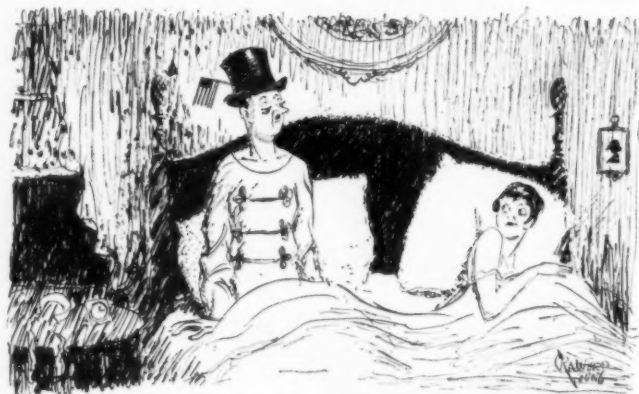
Prohibition agents recently emptied several barrels of seized liquor out on the ground, in New Jersey. It would be interesting to get up some morning and see how an early bird fares, getting his worm in that neighborhood.

Hi! Fellows!

A club for men more than six feet tall has been formed in St. Louis. We hear the chairs in it are to be indicated by landing field markers.

Wanted—Obituary Columnist

A Chicago newspaper is offered for sale. Just what Al Capone needs.



"And what, pray, gives you the impression I've been drinking?"

Love Song—

When I'm

In tunnels and subways and underground things,
I feel as if I'm flying on huge black wings.
I feel as if I'm pushing the very earth aside,
I feel a sense of power, quite God-like, as I ride!

When I'm

In great ships and zeppelins and fast express trains,
I feel as if I'm driving a horse without reins;
I feel as if I'm finding the last horizon place,
I feel as if I'm winning life's most important race.

When I'm

Sitting still and watching the light across your hair,
As you read in the evening, in your great cozy chair,
I haven't any wings, and there isn't any race,
And I only wish you'd lift your eyes and smile into my face . . .

—Margaret E. Sangster.



Manufacturers of the old "Welcome" mat find sales skyrocket since they changed the copy.

The Lucky Break

Dr. Brown put down his stethoscope and looked thoughtfully at his patient. "Dress yourself," said the physician, "and come into my office."

A few minutes later his patient appeared. "I'm going to talk plainly to you," said the doctor. "You are an adult and there's nothing to be gained by beating around the bush. Frankly, you're in pretty bad shape. I recommend that you go to the hospital at once for observation. After you're there about two weeks or so we'll operate. In the meantime, you must get X-ray treatment, diathermy treatment, special diet, massage and a metabolism test. The operation, though not necessarily serious, will incapacitate you for about a month. You'll need a day nurse, a night nurse, a . . ."

"And charts and electric treatments and blood counts and everything?" eagerly inquired the sick man.

"Yes, we'll have to employ all the most modern methods," said the doctor. "It's going to be a long siege. I'm sorry."

"Sorry nothing!" exclaimed the patient. "I've been looking forward to this for years. I'll make a million out of the experience. You see, doc, I'm a professional humorist and I haven't as yet written *my* book about how it feels to be in a hospital."

—Arthur L. Lippmann.

The Look-of-the-Month

Her eyes were turned up to mine and I shall never forget the expression in them, half fear, half defiance, half desire and half love.

—From the Columbus (Ohio) Citizen.

Philoginny

I'll drink with the ladies if you don't mind
Gentlemen, You'll pardon me because I find
your company beyond the seventh highball dull.
About that time it is your wont to mull
over your past, your loves, and other trivialities;
your importance in respective municipalities.
I find that ladies never seem to feel the urge
To glorify their golf score or to purge
their souls of marital banalities
By loudly boasting of their husbands' qualities
How much, who, or what, they made in years gone by
The usual claptrap that accompanies, "Here's mud
in your eye!"

Egotist!! Well I will admit they let me talk about myself

My past, ambitions, sorrows, and the total of my pelf.
But withal, they know what they're about—
Rather than grow dull, a lady always passes out.

—ed. graham.



"This is going to be swell! For the first time in history, 10,000 seals are barking for the talkies!"



"Right behind you is the guy who's been running around with your wife—but don't look now!"

Positively!

NORTH: "I suppose you know what it means to be on the losing side?"

WEST: "Yes, sir. I'm a farmer and married!"

Bigger and Wetter

By all means let's try and improve the unemployment situation before summer, or some of our street vendors will start selling watermelons.

Aw 'Chute!

Then there's the aviation student who was dropped when he couldn't keep up in his studies.

Popular New York Clubmen

And in those Police-Communist games in New York, some of the cops are hitting 400, or better.



"And now I'll leave you children alone."

The Phonograph Record

"Have you got that record—*You're The* something? I don't remember the rest of the title. . . Maybe that isn't the name of it but they keep singing—*You're The* so and so, all through the chorus. Then there's something about *rain and sun and blue*. Have you got it in stock? . . . I can't tell you who plays it. I heard it at a friend's house. I know there's an incidental chorus toward the end. . . Why, it sort of goes—*da, da, da, de, da-da*. . . I can't hum very well. . . I didn't notice the make of the record. Can you name over some of the makes? . . . I guess it was either a Victor or Columbia. . . Oh, no; I can't whistle. . . Maybe it was a Brunswick.

"There was something on the other side about *I Got* something. Have you a Brunswick with *I Got* something, or *You Got* something on one side and this *You're* business on the other? . . . Has Hal somebody got an orchestra? . . . Maybe he plays it. I really didn't notice. . . A cornet sort of comes in just before the incidental trio. . . I know, but haven't you one where a cornet or something comes in like that? . . . No, it isn't *Would You Like To Take A Walk*. . . I'd know it right away if I heard it. . . No, I didn't ask my friend where she got it. . . Yes, I suppose I could call her up but I don't exactly like to hum over the telephone.

"Hello, Marion? . . . Marion, this is Bertha. . . Listen, Marion—do you remember that *You're* something or other you played when I was over the other night with Willett? . . . I said, you have a record I'm trying to remember that goes *da, da, da, de, da-da*. . . Would you mind closing the door, sir. . . Listen, Marion—I'm at Miller's trying to buy that record I liked that goes *da, da, da, de, da-da*. . . I know, but I don't know the name of it. . . *You're The One I* what? . . . *You're The One I Care For!* That's it! . . . Thanks a lot, Marion. . . What! . . . Oh, I didn't know you were playing the radio. . . No, I thought you were playing the Victrola. . . Thanks just the same, Marion. . . Bye.

"Have you got *Three Little Words* in stock? . . . I'll take *Three Little Words* then, please."

—Jack Cluett.

MRS. PEP'S DIARY

By Baird Leonard

FEBRUARY 19—Thankful this morning that none of the innumerable small hairpins which the hairdresser put in yesterday to keep my water wave in place had pierced my skull in the night and gone through to my brain, as I feared upon retiring that some of them might do, albeit my husband, when I confided my apprehensions to him, risked his life by assuring me that my cranium was of sufficient thickness to withstand such a calamitous penetration. But it was not pleasant upon arising to find that a great pipe had burst in our street, depriving the entire neighborhood of water until such time as a double shift of workmen could repair it, so that I was forced to take my bath in what I could melt up from the ice cubes, whereas Sam did go to the club for his morning ablutions, first washing his face in my cleansing lotion, an ignominy to which he had never thought to come, so that I did remind him, "You never miss the water till the street main bursts." Reading in the journals that plans are afoot for the revision of the New York divorce laws, and high time it is, too, for Lord! I do well recall how the suffragists were wont to state that one of their first concerns, if they were granted the ballot, would be to campaign for a speedy shelving of outmoded statutes regarding marital relationship, and for a standardization of those governing divorce. Libby Smith for tea, greatly distressed that she must, because of financial reverses, go into a trade which she thinks will degrade her, so I could but remind her of the ancient Greek who, being made public scavenger of Athens by his political enemies, vouchsafed that if the profession reflected no honor upon him, he would do his best to reflect honor upon the profession. What is more, I did give her a sizeable order.

FEBRUARY 20—Lay late, pondering this and that, in especial what I heard recently about Somerset Maugham to the effect that he never comes home from any social gather-

ing without sitting down and writing his impressions of every individual he met and filing them away for future use or reference, and my reaction is that of the old filling-station keeper in the South, who, just as two New Yorkers whom he had supplied with gas were driving away, called them back and asked, "Is it true that railroads run under rivers in your town?" and when they affirmed, he quoth, "I don't believe it!" Weary of my usual breakfast routine, I ordered instead of fruit a large beaker of grape juice mixed with ginger ale, very fine, and when Katie herself did bring it, I did plunge at once into conversation with her, hoping to coax her into rubbing the back of my neck, forasmuch as she is likely during the proceeding to vouchsafe remarks which she would not make at any other time, and this morning her

gratitude was great that she was an American born and bred, and when I inquired her reasons, she quoth, "Because over here we don't have to support no kings!" Which caused me, with my income tax blank in sight, and our constabulary, legislation, etc., crowding all interesting matters out of the journals, to laugh so heartily that she well nigh ceased her ministrations.

THE snow still a-falling, so it was easier than usual to telephone Dr. Eckley for the sixth or seventh time that I should not be over for the completion of the dental work which he did all but finish two weeks ago, albeit if I do not soon appear before him, he will be justified in getting out a warrant for me. Home all day, reading in a book called "Murder for Love," and it minded me of the time when an ill at ease dinner partner asked me seriously if I could ever bring myself to take another's life.



"You're sure there aren't any gunsters?"

LIFE IN WASHINGTON

By Carter Field

Hail! Hail! The Gang's All Gone!

THE Seventy First Congress has passed into history, and if you ask us it was a good riddance. If it had died four months after it convened in that first extra session—you remember the one back before the break in the stock market, the one that was going to relieve the farmer, and somehow get that "chicken in every pot" promised during the campaign—it would have lived too long.

In fact some cynics think it would have been better if this newly expired Congress had never been born at all. That seems a trifle harsh. Consider the hundreds of bright young men, and women, who wrote pieces for the newspapers about its activities every day. And consider the aggravated unemployment situation if there were no Congress to write about.

Of course there was no unemployment to speak of when this Congress was born. It was elected on a high tide of prosperity, and so confident was the country that the millenium was approaching in high gear that the stock market could not contain itself. So after a while it burst.

YES this last Congress has a lot to answer for. It was born in fear. If Senator Borah had not frightened Herbert Hoover, just as Mr. Hoover was about to ride into the Presidency on a perfect avalanche, that if he did not promise to call an extra session for the farmers those horny handed lads would elect Al Smith, the Pope, and the Tammany Judges, there would have been no extra session.

That session was to help the farmers. Just here one begins to suspect Russian propaganda, not to mention a Rasputin type of occult influence. For consider what happened. First the boys up on Capitol Hill tried to pass a debenture to help the farmers. This would have taken money out of the treasury to pay the losses on wheat sold abroad below

the American price. So that the treasury would provide cheaper bread, so to speak, for foreign workmen, while American workmen paid high prices. No one knew in this country, at least at that time, that Russia was going to have a lot of wheat to sell the following year. But you notice that this grab-bag for the farmer was obstructed in one way or another, never with any direct slap in the farmers' faces, of course. But it died.

THEN came the Farm Board plan. Everything was going to be lovely. Prices were going to be held up by stabilization. There was magic in the very word. No one in those days talked about the Hoover depression.



"Yes, we're plantin' more this year, too."

Everybody was prosperous then but the farmers—and the New England textiles—and we were going to make them prosperous too. That would open up a grand new market for our automobiles, radios, electric refrigerators and so forth. There was just no end to the money that was going to be made.

So the Farm Board waited until just a little while before Russia was ready to dump all this wheat and then began buying. Maybe some smart fellows suspected this deluge of grain from the starving steppes, for nobody except the Farm Board seems to have done much buying. The Board found itself with 200,000,000 bushels of wheat on hand after the Russians had sold all of theirs. Of course the Russians did not get a very high price for their wheat, as prices range, but they sold out long before the bottom was reached.

It is very distressing to see these Russian lads, all untrained in modern methods and efficiency, and wholly lacking anything resembling the 71st Congress, outsmart our folks that way. But the fact is if they had enjoyed autocratic power to control American governmental action, they could not have timed its performance any more to their own interest than they did. Probably not half as well.

There has been a lot of tender sentiment around Washington the last few weeks. There have been more goodbye parties, and more after dinner oratory on the great and unselfish services of the legislators about to retire to private life, mostly on motion by their constituents, than usual at the end of each two years. Perhaps because there have been more casualties.

BUT there were not quite enough, if one has curiosity enough to ask. There ought to have been a few more. And we hear direful tales that some of those whose absence was most desired may be back with us ere long. Either in lame duck jobs or due to some of them acquiring new constituencies in the reapportionments.

Last election taught them one thing. It inspired a frantic desire to placate their electorates. Hence the panicky rush to the bonus

by all and sundry, whether they thought it was a wise move for the government, the country, or the soldiers themselves, or not.

It's all very depressing. No wonder Mr. Hoover was unable to smile one night recently at a rollicking parody on Casey Jones about "Hustling Herb."



The deaf and dumb crooner.

First of the Month

It is possible in Belfast, Ireland, through arrangements with the postoffice department, to become a human parcel and be expressed to any part of the city at the rate of about six cents a mile. Messengers are employed for this service. They call for and deliver the human "packages" to the desired destination.

—News Item.

BELFAST HUSBAND: "Has the mail come yet, dear? You know I like to look it over with my coffee."

BELFAST WIFE: "Just one second. I'm sorting it a little first. It looks interesting. Here's a nice, thick woman for me. It must be Aunt Agatha. She usually has a lot of gossip, so I'll save her until a little later."

HUSBAND: "I'm expecting a business . . ."

WIFE: "And of course, the bills. Here's that fussy little fellow from the department store. He's angry about that payment."

HUSBAND: "Let him wait a few days. Do him good."

WIFE: "And here's a very official looking man from the government."

HUSBAND: "Don't open him yet. Put him aside. I'll take him up to the office with me. What's that little fellow with postage due?"

WIFE: "That's your nephew from college. He wants some more money. He has to buy textbooks, he says, and a new pair of rubbers."



"Thub people of the State of Noo Yawk versus Timothy 'Battling' Hogan!"

HUSBAND: "Oh, of course. Well, he won't get it. Anything else, dear?"

WIFE: "Nothing but circulars. A lot of silly, long-winded men we can't be bothered to listen . . . No, wait a second. Here's a tall, dark woman for you. Forwarded from the office. I wonder if you're concealing something from me. Hmmm, scented too. I think I'd better . . ."

HUSBAND: "Now dear, just hand her over, please. She's just a business matter. Entirely business, I assure you . . . What's that knocking at the door?"

WIFE: "I'll see. . . Oh, it's mother come Special Delivery. Isn't it too wonderful for words? Aren't you glad, dear?"

HUSBAND: "Confound the mails anyway! Nothing but bad news and bills, and we tax-payers have to stand for it."

W. W. Scott



The bathroom singers give a concert.

MARCHE FUNÈBRE

The Etude, music magazine, asked several noted persons to reveal their choices of the music they would prefer to hear if they knew they were to die within a few hours. Rudy Vallée would prefer to listen to "Scheherazade" while John Philip Sousa nominated "The Stars and Stripes Forever."

—News Item.

THIS is a matter to which too few of us have given any serious thought. It is all too frivolous a world which cannot spare a few moments to ponder on the proper song to hear with a dying ear.

Of course, there is the possibility that even after we have chosen our favorite song, we may be disappointed. Vallée, for instance, was almost snuffed out to the strains of "Oh, Give Me

Something to Remember You By."

Although "Etude" hasn't asked me to do so, I think I shall add a few death song selections from some of my personal friends and enemies. I have an aunt who expressed herself as favoring "The Gay Caballero" when death was at hand. I have heard her say often, "When Frank Crummit sang 'The Gay Caballero' I thought I'd die!"

When I asked father for his word on the subject he said he'd like to die

listening to the strains of "On the Road to Mandalay," and mother said she hopes he does if he ever tries to sing it again at a church social.

I find that the majority of my friends, however, prefer to pass out to the rollicking "How Dry I Am," and most of them do.

Jack Grey, the undertaker, thinks "Cheerful Little

Earful" is appropriate anytime anybody kicks the bucket.

For my own part, I would alter the song to fit the manner of death.

If I am run down by an Austin, someone should sing or whistle, "The Little Things in Life."

If, on the other hand, I am spared until next summer to die of indigestion in the ball park, I think "The Peanut Vendor" would be apropos.

Should my end come by guillotine I expect the boys in the band to play softly while I render a few verses of "I Ain't Got No Body."

And in case fate or a hostile jury places me on a gallows and the hangman says, "Have you any final request?" I shall say, "Yes, please play a Victrola record for me. I'd like to hear Paul Whiteman's 'Rhapsody in Blue'—on the 12-inch disk." If they haven't got that I'd demand a variation of an old familiar and call it "There's a Long, Long Trial A-Waning."

However, I find that most people are not concerned so much with what sort of music they get before they die as they are about the kind they get after they die. Most of them would rather hear harps than tuning forks.

—Rod Reed.



FLEA TO OTHER FLEA: Well, well, William, imagine meeting you here. It certainly is a small world after all.

The Cafeteria

THE luncheon hour. The disinclination for companionship. The decision to pass up your regular eating place and patronize a new one for a change. The departure from the office. The stroll down the street. The roving eye. The discovery of a new cafeteria. The mild curiosity. The decision to try the place. The self-satisfied reflection that you are the kind of man who will try anything once.

The entrance. The doubt as to where to start in to get your food. The wish that there were some other patron, who knew his way about, to follow. The turn to the right. The sign, "Exit only." The increased confusion. The notion to get out, and get out quick. The quick turn. The collision with the lady manager, rushing up to get you started right. The apology. The firm hand grasping your arm and leading you across to the entrance of the serving aisle. The realization that the lady manager has sized you up as one of those people who is always getting lost. The resentment. The inability to indicate it since the lady manager has left you.

THE trays. The cutlery. The selection of a knife, a fork and two spoons. The approach toward the food. The selection of two pieces of bread and a roll. The after-thought selection



BURGLAR: Hold on, Mister. I'll concede that putt.

of another roll. The sudden realization that you have a lot of bread. The hesitancy to put any of it back, under the eagle eye of a waitress. The hunch that she has correctly sized you up as a man who doesn't know his own mind. The stern look.

THE great variety of salads. The quick selection of one kind. The immediate regret that you did not take another kind instead. The inclination to make a change. The nudge of a tray in the hands of a woman in line be-

hind you. The decision to move along.

The bowl of soup. The meat order. The potatoes. The string beans. The beets. The realization that your tray is getting pretty full, although you have not yet reached the place where you can get dessert and coffee. The decision to forego dessert. The tempting pies. The urgent desire for a piece of pie. The selection of a piece of pie. The difficulty in finding space for it on your tray. The greater difficulty in finding space for your pot of coffee. The eventual triumph with the aid of a waitress who seems to know her business.

The check, amounting to \$1.32. The vast surprise. The realization for the first time that you have enough food for about three hungry men. The guilty realization that you are paying a good deal more for your lunch than you usually do. The hunch that the cashier knows exactly what you are thinking about. The hurried payment of the check.

THE search for a table. The unloading of your tray. The vast array of dishes. The growing conviction that other patrons are laughing at you. The indignation at them and at yourself. The discovery that you forgot to take a napkin. The discovery that you haven't enough forks. The feeling that you have been put upon. The ardent wish that you had gone to your regular luncheon place. The loss of appetite. The disinclination to eat much of the food. The feeling that it is a point of honor to eat all of it.

The consumption of every—or nearly every—bit of food before you. The gorged feeling. The sluggish return to the office. The surreptitious nap.

—John C. Emery.



"Yes, I want another cook—a small one."



As The Artist Sees It

THE RADIO AUD



Life Looks About

Uncorking Butler

THE newspaper headlines which run "Butler to Resign Military Service," refer of course to Major-General Smedley Butler, the eminent shock-trooper who lately burst into the Hall of Fame mouth first. The United States has a lien on General Butler's services but it will probably consent to his resignation if he insists. It is suggested in the papers that he contemplates a lecture course. That might do for a while, or as a shock-trooper of the Drys (he says he is a Dry), he might become Mrs. Ella Boole's chief-of-staff in the W. C. T. U., or succeed Brother Cannon, impaired by illness and other troubles, on the Methodist Board of Morals.

But does General Butler really do wisely to get out of the Marines? People with memories long enough may recall that in old times when we had champagne—when the cork was let go out of the bottle the bubbles presently escaped. If you drank them up, well and good, but if the wine stood long it went flat. Now the restraint of public military service as a Major-General in the Marine Corps may be seen as the cork which has kept General Smedley Butler's bubbles inside of him. If he got loose in the world his sentiments, after the first bursts of utterance, might not be so interesting.

PRISONS have not been doing well recently. Not even such improvement as may have resulted in their residential population from the enforcement of the Eighteenth Amendment has brought satisfactory results. There have been repeated prison revolts and bad stories about prison life from all directions. So there is now an effort to make prisons more effective in improving the characters and intelligence of persons consigned to them.

It is led by Mr. Lewisohn, whose name has long been associated with efforts to make prisons and prisoners better. He is Chairman of the Prison Commission of the State of New York. The attention of persons who are con-

templating crimes or for any reasons are expecting to do time is invited to this prospect of penal improvement. The newspapers report that a large New York State prison at Attica is being built to hold two thousand prisoners, which is too many, at a cost of five thousand dollars a bed, which is too much. It must, however, be a swell prison. The old time suggestion for taking care economically of the Indians was to board them at the Fifth Avenue Hotel. Possibly these two thousand patients who are expected to take the cure in the new Attica prison, when it is finished, could be more economically cared for (as the *Times* suggests) at the New York hotels, but after all, prisoners are difficult and might make trouble for the hotels. What is desired is to get them to the country. The prison experts want the new prisons on farming lands. The big job just now is to take care of people who for one reason or another cannot for the moment take care of themselves. Prisoners belong to that group.

New York's Problems

IN New York we have now several pressing jobs—one is to feed the

hungry and take care of the families of the unemployed. Then there is the investigation of courts and of the Bank of the United States, all making copy for the newspapers, and usually readable copy, as is apt to happen when the subject is crime.

The Police Department on the whole is popular. Stories come constantly of the courage, enterprise and helpfulness of policemen and probably a large majority of the police force is honest. The more reason then for chasing hard the minority that takes toll on speakeasies and most of all the obscene bunch that frames up women and derives a revenue from bringing them into court and letting them out again.

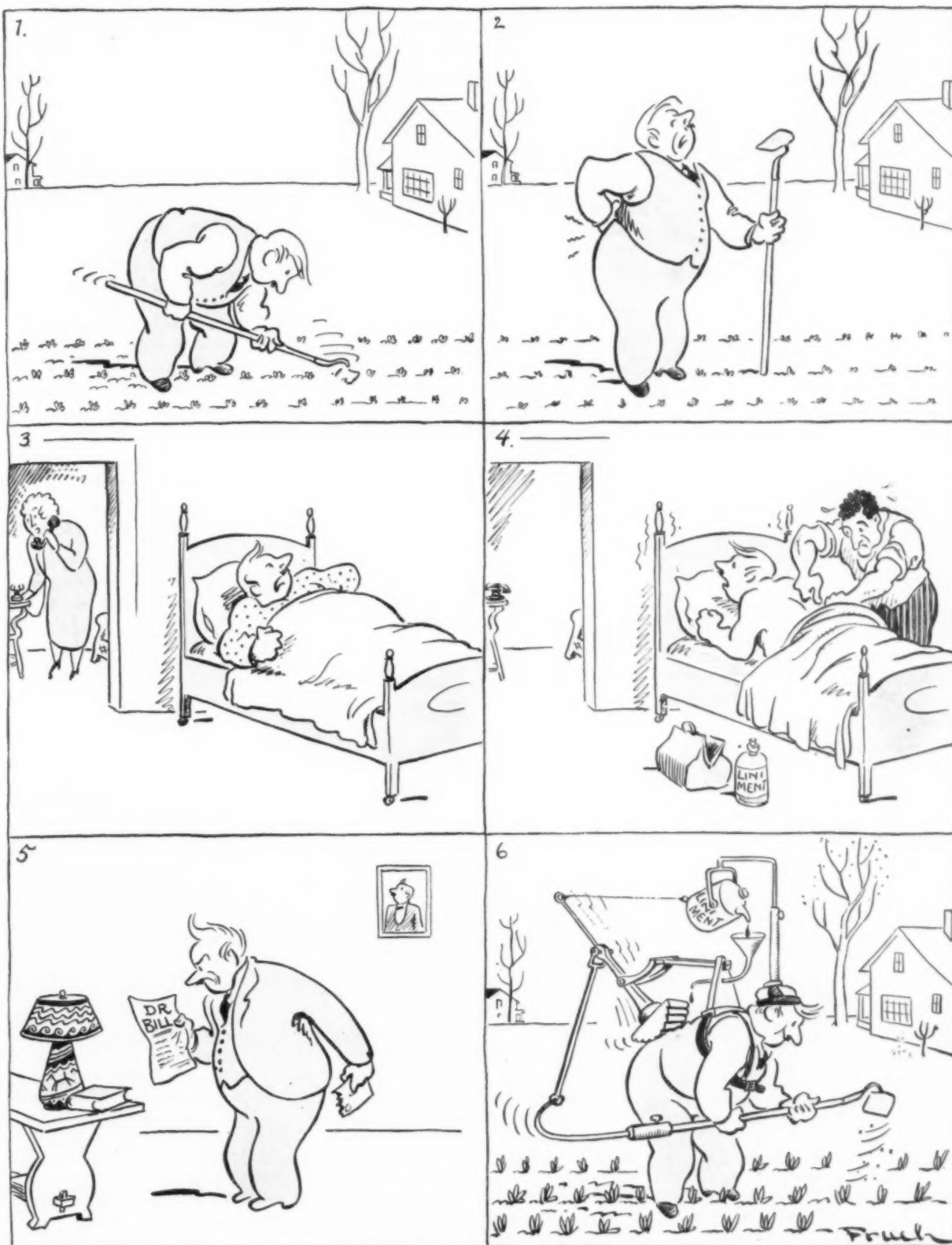
IT is a terribly hard job to bring rogues to justice. We should be grateful to anybody who succeeds with it. Still there is a choice of rogues. Speakeasies seem to be useful. Many persons would rather have them pay some toll than cease to exist, but framing up women, and especially respectable women, is an intolerable iniquity for which no decent person can have anything but abhorrence.

—E. S. Martin.



W. Steig

"Miss Miller, take a novel!"



Theatre • by Baird Leonard

The Great Barrington

IF Franklin Russell had plumped the Freytag diagram flat, like an architect's triangle, upon the structure of "The Great Barrington," he could have trimmed off at its edges considerable material of no more relevance or value than the superfluous dough which a pastry cook shaves from the rim of a pie tin. Indeed, he would have fashioned a more compact, more comprehensible play, and everybody could have been home and asleep at least forty-five minutes earlier. If he had even ever heard that repetition weakens the force of a statement (the proving exception being "delenda est Carthago!"), he might have spared us an exposition so long and tiresome that the brighter boys and girls in the audience began, after fifteen or twenty minutes of it, to look about for whatever mental defectives might not have grasped in that time the fact that the contemporary twelfth-in-line Barrington was crazed on the subject of his forebears, and considered anybody hailing from Kansas City or Seattle not worthy to latch the thongs of his boots, much less attend the annual feast, hitherto strictly *en famille*, thrown in the 1629 up-Hudson house in honor of the first (and great) Barrington's birthday.

AS things went, the swanking Barrington and Van Doorn were just as boring on the stage as ancestor maniacs are in real life, and it was not until the middle of the second act that the satire of the theme sank into the customers and gave them legitimate laughs. "The Great Barrington" should teach all women afflicted with genealogical fever to subside gracefully the minute their Colonial Dames papers are accepted at Washington, and all men suffering from the same malady not to pry too closely into the archives at Albany, lest the contents of the deeds which they are attempting to authenticate, abetted by the printed memoirs of a humorous ancestress dug up innocently by some pariah from the middle-West named Jones, reveal that their house was founded by a rascal. For that is the sad fate which befell the modern Barrington, and its revelation demands a two-in-one action differing on the calendar by three hundred years. I liked the patrol part, which was peopled with robust characters relying on themselves instead of on tradi-

tion. In spite of an inherited aversion to savages, rooted in the tragic experiences of some of my own progenitors in this country, I even liked Ogu, the Indian, and am convinced that, had "The Great Barrington" been better written and better cast, the reiteration of his desire for Phoebe would now be a by-clause in the town. But I particularly liked Annabelle's final curtain line, which followed the discovery by her snobbish father of the two skeletons in the secret cupboard, "And in *our* closet!" Lady Macbeth could have done no better. Although not partial to Mr. Otto Kruger, I concede him a good performance in the swash-buckling role of the title.

The Venetian Glass Nephew

THE premiere of "The Venetian Glass Nephew" was more like an evening at the MacDowell or Comedy Clubs than it should have been. The performance itself was too precious for me, and called to mind the shallow pitchers with which so many well meaning individuals go to deep wells. This fantasy of Elinor Wylie's, which Ruth Hale has valiantly dramatized in poetic prose and Eugene Bonner set to music, needs a better cast to put it over; as it is the principal appeal is to the eye.

For those of you who did not read the book, the young gentleman of the title was an automaton created by the best glass blower in Venice in answer to a sweet old Cardinal's prayer for a nephew. The notorious Casanova—and it never bores me to see *him* having a poor time!—worked some of his magic to inspire the boy with life, and from the moment when he stepped from his cabinet into a world of real men and women, it was frequently necessary to pinch oneself and murmur, "Now never mind, it's only a fantasy." The Cardinal had been afraid that a flesh and blood nephew might sin, without taking into account that a synthetic scion might mix things up pretty badly for everybody by falling in love. It was romance at first sight between the brittle Virginio and the vital Rosalba, and when she found she could not hug him without breaking his arm, there was nothing for her to do but go to Versailles with Casanova and a suitable chaperonage and be baked into a fine porcelain to match her husband's fragility. They lived happily for some time afterwards without resorting to

mucilage, and it was lucky for them that they lived in a town of liquid transit, for I shudder to think what the bumps in Forty-ninth Street would have done to them.

Mr. Bonner's score is of the period, and therefore unexciting, the two high spots being Virginio's debut song and Casanova's outburst about Rosalba. His music and Miss Hale's text deserved a better interpretation.

The Gang's All Here

THE influence of Al Capone upon our civilization becomes more marked as the days pass. Nice old ladies in lace caps—I beg your pardon. That breed is extinct. But there are a few dowagers left who subscribe to the British magazines and haven't had their diamonds reset, and I have heard one or two of them express an admiring curiosity about this allegedly bold, bad man who shoots his way through Chicago's bench and constabulary in order to supply her citizens with liquor for which they are extremely grateful. His activities have inspired Mr. Edgar Wallace to a play, and their ramifications have now hit our musical comedy stage in "The Gang's All Here," which was still running along when I quit it at a quarter of twelve, but which has probably been pruned down by this time into the proper dimensions for an evening's entertainment. It would have been easy to scissor it before the opening, and if I had had anything to do with it, the first thing to go would have been that burlesque crooning of John Gallauder's. This musical stars Ted Healy, whose face I like, and whose slapstick comedy, bolstered somewhat by three of the worst looking stooges ever seen on any stage, is highly provocative of laughter. Hal LeRoy stops the show with his dancing, Bert Fay does a neat bit of hoofing in long-toed shoes, one juggler gradually eats an apple which he is tossing about, Zelma O'Neal wants to know if her beau is the "it" which the Greeks had a word for, Joe Verdi pays hilarious but unprintable tribute to Rodin's "The Thinker," one good song is called "By Special Permission of the Copyright Owners, I Love You," and a quack tells a patient his blood pressure was so high that it had snow on it.

Perhaps the most striking feature of the show are the costumes by Russell Patterson, which are done with exceptional originality and good taste.

Movies • by Harry Evans

"Rango"

ERNEST SCHOEDSACK, who teamed up with Miriam Cooper in the filming of "Chang," "Grass" and "The Four Feathers," has returned from the Sumatra jungles after a year's stay with a new and interesting collection of animal pictures which are being presented under the title of "Rango"—which is Sumatran for orang-outang. In selecting the locale for this arduous, painstaking venture, Mr. Schoedsack chose country in which the wild life is more interesting for the rarity of specimens rather than variety. Because of this limitation the film may not prove as interesting to the average movie fan as "Trader Horn," "Africa Speaks" and other recent animal films featuring the huge game herds of Africa.

The most unusual studies in this film are the shots of Bengal tigers playing around in their native haunts—and speaking of downright mean looking critters, one Bengal tiger can send more shivers up our back than a dozen of your African lions. As in "Chang" the action of "Rango" follows a story in which the animals are characterized with the tigers and black leopards playing the villains, while the orang-outangs and monkeys are presented as being in cahoots with a native huntsman and his son in the struggle for existence against the ferocious jungle cats. By means of clever camera work, which must have required unlimited patience, Mr. Schoedsack definitely establishes the personalities of the different animals—particularly the orang-outang and his son, whose names are *Tua* and *Rango*. In his playful moods little *Rango* is a ludicrous, lovable little clown, while in his more serious moments his face registers a degree of whimsical pathos that would do credit to Chaplin. Nor have we seen

fear displayed more convincingly than by the jungle monkeys when that Old Debbil Tiger is prowling about in the neighborhood.

The most exciting moments are furnished by a fight between a water buffalo and a tiger—the buffalo appearing in the rôle of avenger for the murder of *Rango*. The action is fast and highly dramatic while it lasts, with the buffalo winning the decision by a knockout.

The story is skilfully introduced by a prologue in which a man tells a jungle story to a small boy, and as the tale unfolds the voice is brought back at in-

out of the picture without comment.

There is no doubt that nearly all of this film is authentic in detail, just as it is reasonably certain that many of the more colorful African animal pictures are faked and doctored. For this reason Mr. Schoedsack deserves the more credit . . . but at the same time we must admit that we have gotten a bigger kick out of some of the phoney African movies.

"It Pays To Advertise"

DUE to good casting, intelligent directing and a clever job of re-writing, this old vehicle moves along with astonishing smoothness and interest. We attended the show expecting to be pretty bored with the familiar plot and lines, but remained to giggle steadily at Skeets Gallagher whose comedy is the real reason for our favorable opinion of the picture.

As is always the case on screen or stage, it is the laugh producer who runs away with the show, and Mr. Gallagher again proves that, given the opportunity, he can sell lines with the best of them. Because of Skeets' efficient performance, the adequate work of Norman Foster, Carol Lombard and Eugene Pallette appears as nothing more important than a suitable background for the Gallagher fireworks.

Louise Brooks, whom we have not seen on the screen since her momentary appearance in "The Canary Murder Case" (in which a voice double was used to speak her lines), seems to have been studying, as she gets away with her bit in this one creditably. Her real purpose in the film, however, is to show her legs, and in this phase of stage-craft she certainly needs no double.

"It Pays To Advertise" is good clean fun for the whole family.



"What d'ya mean—you're a Byrd dog?"

tervals to emphasize a situation or explain a certain point. The explanatory remarks and the jungle sound effects are handled with excellent judgment, but we believe a mistake was made in not giving the names and important facts concerning a number of strange Sumatran animals that wander in and

Question! Question!

BY BERTON BRALEY

The Senate of these sovereign states
Insistently investigates
And some committee always waits
To probe your private life and ken it,
Your time will come, you'll have to go
And make yourself a public show;
You want to know who wants to know?
—The Senate.

Why does a chicken cross the street?
How many oysters can you eat?
Where does your poker party meet?
What is your philosophic tenet?
What is your brand of Radio?
Do you read Freud, and why, if so?
Are eels a fish?
—Who wants to know?
—The Senate.

Is Santa Claus a fact or myth?
And have you Soviet kin or kith?
Who was the lady you were with
Miss Clara Bow or Constance
Bennett?
How doth the little acorn grow?
What makes the little glow-worm
glow?
Do you eat snails?
Who wants to know?
—The Senate.

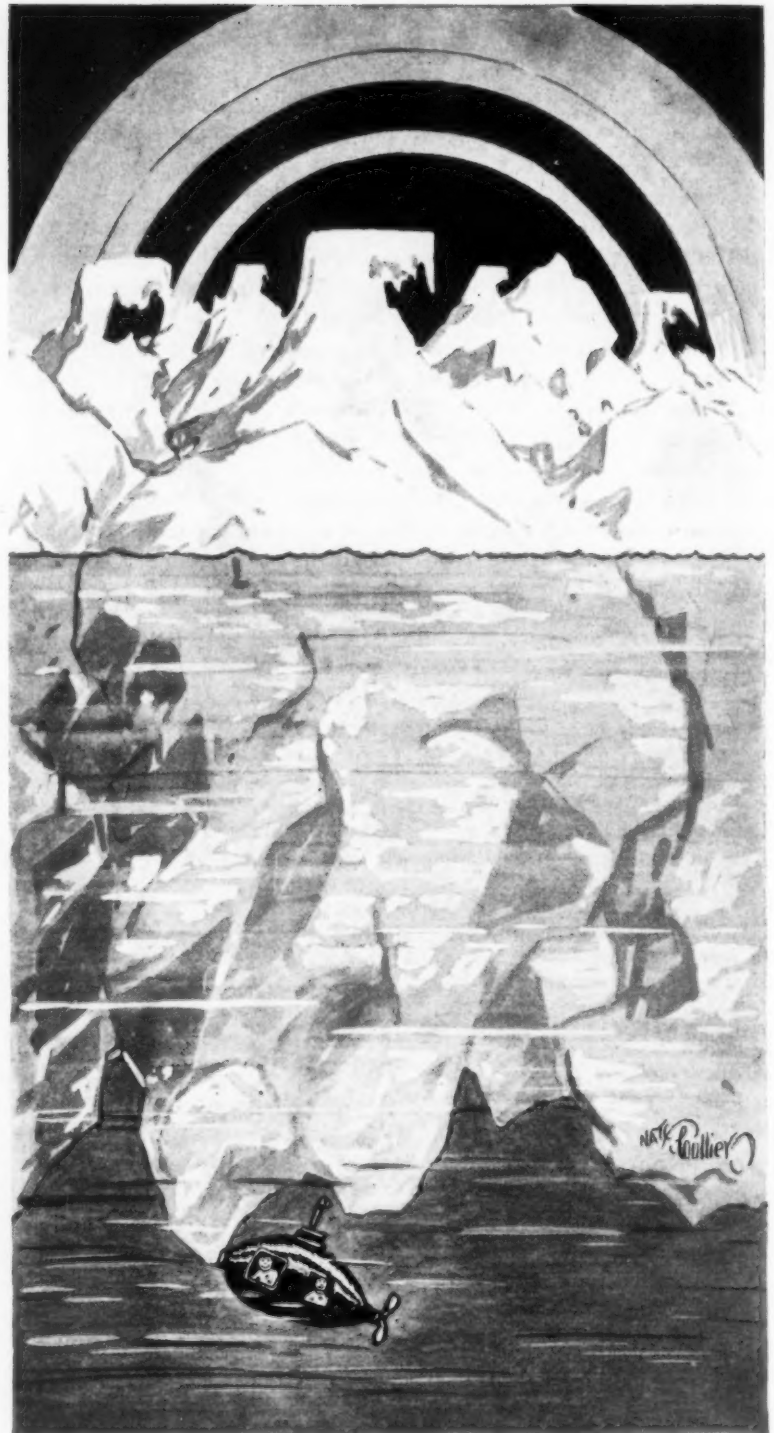
Inquiries into this and that—:
Who is your friend? Where are you at?
Speak up now, where'd'ja get that hat?
Let's see that letter. Did you pen it?
Ain't there no privacy? Nay, bo
You have to spill the beans and blow
The whole darn works.
Who wants to know?
—The Senate.

Anagrins

- (1) Scramble *lamer* with an *o* and
get a state of mind.
- (2) Scramble *liters* with an *l* and
get an arbor.
- (3) Scramble *seeding* with an *o*
and get a man in a tub.
- (4) Scramble *dumping* with an *e*
and get challenged.
- (5) Scramble *cheats* with a *p* and
get something on your clothes.

Answers on Page 31

L I F E



"Now all we need to do is to chop a hole up through the ice."

A Great Big Maybe

And from the wrangling that still
goes on over the Versailles treaty, the
suspicion arises that the Wickersham
Commission wrote that, too.

The Depression Explained

Women are struggling for equal
rights in Japan. They are behind the
times. In more advanced countries men
are doing the struggling.

Life at Home

TRENTON, N. J.—Frank van Buren was arrested for violating the Blue Laws. He protested that his arrest on Sunday was in itself a violation of the Blue Laws, and the Supreme Court upheld the protest and discharged him.

CHAMPAIGN, ILL.—Dr. G. H. Smith, of the University of Illinois, surveyed "student racketeering" in thirty colleges. He found it to be a thriving industry—with grafting and extortion practiced through athletics, entertainments, glee clubs, dramatic clubs, student publications, etc.

CHICAGO—Claude Erickson was willing to overlook his wife's insistence that her dog sleep with them, but when she forced him to kiss her mother, that was the limit, he said, filing suit for divorce.

The suit stated that Erickson complied with his wife's request to kiss his mother-in-law, but added that it "caused great mental anguish and brought a nervous breakdown."

BOSCOBEL, WIS.—The bounty on rattlesnakes has turned the rattles into a racket. Snake hunters take the rattles from the snake, which is all that is necessary to show in order to collect the bounty, and then turn the creature loose to grow more rattles.

LOS ANGELES, CAL.—When it was discovered that 25% of the school children had never seen a cow and 50% had never laid eyes on a calf, the Board of Education obtained a truck which daily brings a cow and two calves to the various schools for the pupils to examine.

BOSTON, MASS.—A restaurant chef is using the traffic lights to time his eggs. Two complete changes from red to red and the egg is soft boiled; three for medium; and four for hard boiled.

HAMMOND, Ind.—When unemployment conditions become intolerable dig yourself a hole in the ground and stay there until conditions improve, said John Miculas, Hammond's only hermit. Miculas follows his own advice.

Miculas lost his job in April, 1929. He made a search for work which carried him over several States and when winter came he found himself in northern Indiana. There was only one thing to do, he said, and that was dig himself in like the soldiers did in the last war.

With a butcher knife he carved out a cavelike home in a sand bank near the city dump. Tin cans, tree stumps and paper cartons were placed about the entrance to keep out the cold. The nearby dump also supplied him food. Old vegetables and bread crust, discarded by others, became real food to Miculas.

Police, searching for a wanted man, came upon the hermit's cave, questioned him and gave him a real meal and a hand ax to use in his work. He would not leave his "home," however.

"I'm here 'till conditions get better," he said.



"And I'm hanging onto that stock"

CHICAGO—Spare teeth may be just so much excess baggage most of the time, but like spare tires they are mighty convenient in emergencies, delegates attending an international convention of dentists were told. The speaker was Ernest E. Dalton, laboratory expert, of Chicago.

"No one depending on false teeth," he said, "should contemplate a long trip without a spare denture in his traveling bag."

AND ABROAD

DORTMUND, GERMANY—The Work Psychology Institute hired a citizen to drink fourteen bottles of beer daily, at a good salary. They want to find the relationship between beer and fatigue.

NAPLES—The new scientifically built homes erected to replace the hovels thrown down by the earthquake, are not proving popular with the peasants. Many refuse to live in them because their farm animals are not furnished accommodations in the structures.

MILAN—F. T. Marinetti, founder of Futurism, urges the creation of a futurist cuisine. He pleads for a "more dynamic style of cooking, something more simultaneous and agile, something more vivid and heroic."

"Geese frozen in the moon," "soup of roses and sun" are among the dainties suggested. No practical help is offered as to how they should be prepared.

LONDON—The House of Commons voted down the bill to bar alcoholic liquors throughout England. The vote was one hundred and thirty-seven to eighteen.

BRUSSELS—King Albert dips his bread in his morning coffee when he can.

"The Queen doesn't like it and only lets me do it when there is none present but the family," he explained to his hosts on a visit to the Alps.

BUDAPEST—*Az Est*, Budapest paper, states that a decree had been issued by which employees of Hungarian banks were ordered to have no more than four children, with instant dismissal threatened for any member of a bank staff who should be secretly married.

Confidential Guide

PLAYS

GREEN PASTURES. *Mansfield.* \$3.85—The Bible as it seems to the negro—beautifully and amusingly done by an all-negro cast.

ONCE IN A LIFETIME. *Music Box.* \$3.85—Sat. Hol. \$4.40—Side-splitting satire of Hollywood and the talkies. With George Kaufman—one of the authors—in the cast.

THE GREEKS HAD A WORD FOR IT. *Harris.* \$3.85—The intimate home-life of three loose ladies as seen by Zoë Akins.

MRS. MOONLIGHT. *Little.* \$3.85—The sad and charming story of a lady unable to grow old during the course of three generations. With Haidee Wright, Guy Standing and Edith Barrett.

ON THE SPOT. *Forrest.* \$3.00—Sat. Hol. \$3.85—Edgar Wallace's burlesque melodrama of our Chicago gangsters. With Crane Wilbur and Anna May Wong.

GRAND HOTEL. *National.* \$4.40—Exciting, interesting and beautifully staged drama of 36 hours in a Berlin hotel. With Henry Hull and Eugénie Leontovich.

TONIGHT OR NEVER. *Belasco.* \$3.85—Sat. Hol. \$4.40—A thoroughly entertaining evening done in true Belasco style. With Helen Gahagan being willingly ruined for the sake of her art.

THE VINEGAR TREE. *Playhouse.* \$3.85—Mary Boland as the feather-brained woman with a romantic imagination for

the past gets herself in difficulties in the present. Swell fun.

OH PROMISE ME! *Royale.* \$3.85—Broad farce in which an elderly philanderer gets his deserts and pays. With Lee Tracy.

PETTICOAT INFLUENCE. *Lyceum.* \$3.85—Helen Hayes in a drawing room comedy wherein she wangles an appointment for her husband in the diplomatic service.

THE TRUTH GAME. *Barrymore.* \$3.85—Airy comedy of a tenacious young man in pursuit of a girl. Ivor Novello wrote the play and is the young man, Phoebe Foster is the girl and Billie Burke is there to watch.

FIVE STAR FINAL. *Cort.* \$3.85—An absorbing and thrilling evening in this vigorous attack on the tabloid scandal sheet. With Arthur Byron as the managing editor.

PHILIP GOES FORTH. *Biltmore.* \$3.85—Clean, straight-forward, amusing comedy of a nice young man with ambitions to go to the "big city" and be a playwright.

TOMORROW AND TOMORROW. *Henry Miller.* \$3.85—A woman with a thwarted maternal instinct—a lot of normal delightful conversation—with Zita Johann, Herbert Marshall and Osgood Perkins—and based on a Bible story.

GREEN GROW THE LILACS. *Guild.* \$3.00—The Guild goes native in this lusty piece of Oklahoma and the early days. With

Helen Westley, June Walker and Franchot Tone.

AS YOU DESIRE ME. *Maxine Elliott's.* \$3.85—Pirandello's disturbing play with Judith Anderson as the lady of doubtful identity. Is she the woman kidnapped by the Germans ten years before?

PRIVATE LIVES. *Times Square.* \$3.85—Noel Coward and Gertrude Lawrence in a gay, mad, tempestuous play of a pair unable to live apart but unable to live peaceably together.

THE BARRETTES OF WIMPOLE STREET. *Empire.* \$3.85—Katharine Cornell at last gets a worth-while play in this one—based on the lives of Elizabeth Barrett and Robert Browning.

DR. X. *Hudson.* \$3.00—Real hokum mystery with a killer loose and a bunch of scientists out to get him.

HEAT WAVE. *Fulton.* \$3.85—Basil Rathbone is here again—with Selena Royle in a play by Roland Pertwee.

THE GREAT BARRINGTON. *Avon.* \$3.00—A comedy by Franklin Russell with Otto Kruger and Suzanne Caubaye.

AN AMERICAN TRAGEDY. *Waldorf.* \$3.00—A revival of the play based on Theodore Dreiser's novel. With Roy Hargrave and Ruth Nugent.

SUCCESS. *Hopkins.* \$4.40—A play by A. A. Milne with Louis Calhern in the cast.

MUSICAL

FINE AND DANDY. *Erlanger.* \$5.50—Joe Cook goes on and on in a swell show.

THREE'S A CROWD. *Selwyn.* \$5.50—Sat. Hol. \$6.60—And this is the most entertaining revue in town. With Clifton Webb, Libby Holman and Fred Allen.

GIRL CRAZY. *Alvin.* \$5.50—Top-notch, lively show set to Gershwin music with comedy by Willie Howard. And there's Ethel Merman and the cowboy quartette.

THE NEW YORKERS. *Broadway.* \$5.50—Sat. Hol. \$6.60—Sophisticated, smart revue with the maximum of stars—Clayton, Jackson and Durante; Frances Williams; Hope Williams and Waring's Pennsylvanians.

MEET MY SISTER. *Shubert.* \$5.50—Charming play with music—but no choruses—when you're in a mood for quiet and relaxation. With Bettina Hall and George Grossmith.

YOU SAID IT. *Chanin's 46th Street.* \$4.40—The new collegiate revue with pep featuring Lou Holtz.

STUDENT PRINCE. *Majestic.* \$2.50—Revival of this favorite operetta.

AMERICA'S SWEETHEART. *Broadhurst.* \$5.50—Sat. Hol. \$6.60—Another haw-haw at Hollywood—set to music. With Jack Whiting and Jeanne Aubert.

THE GANG'S ALL HERE. *Imperial*—A galaxy of stars including Ted Healy, Zelma O'Neal, and Ruth Tester. Book by Russell Crouse.

THE VENETIAN GLASS NEPHEW. *Vanderbilt.* \$3.85—A "comedy opera" reported to be based on Elinor Wylie's novel.

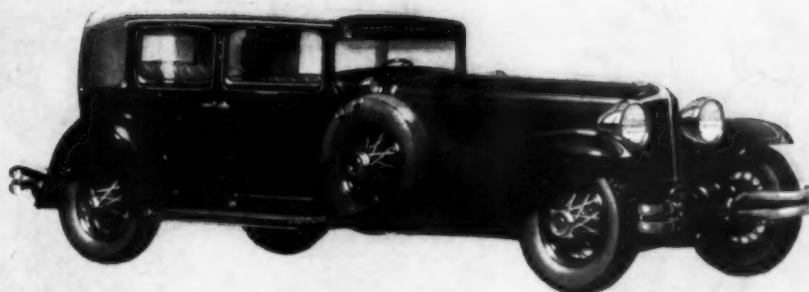
THE WUNDER BAR. *Bayes.* \$5.50—A continental importation in which some of

(Continued on page 29)



IN "AMERICA'S SWEETHEART"

Harriette Lake and Jack Whiting look on with anticipation while Jeanne Aubert and Gus Shy give way to their latent Latin impulses.



FOREMOST AUTOMOBILE

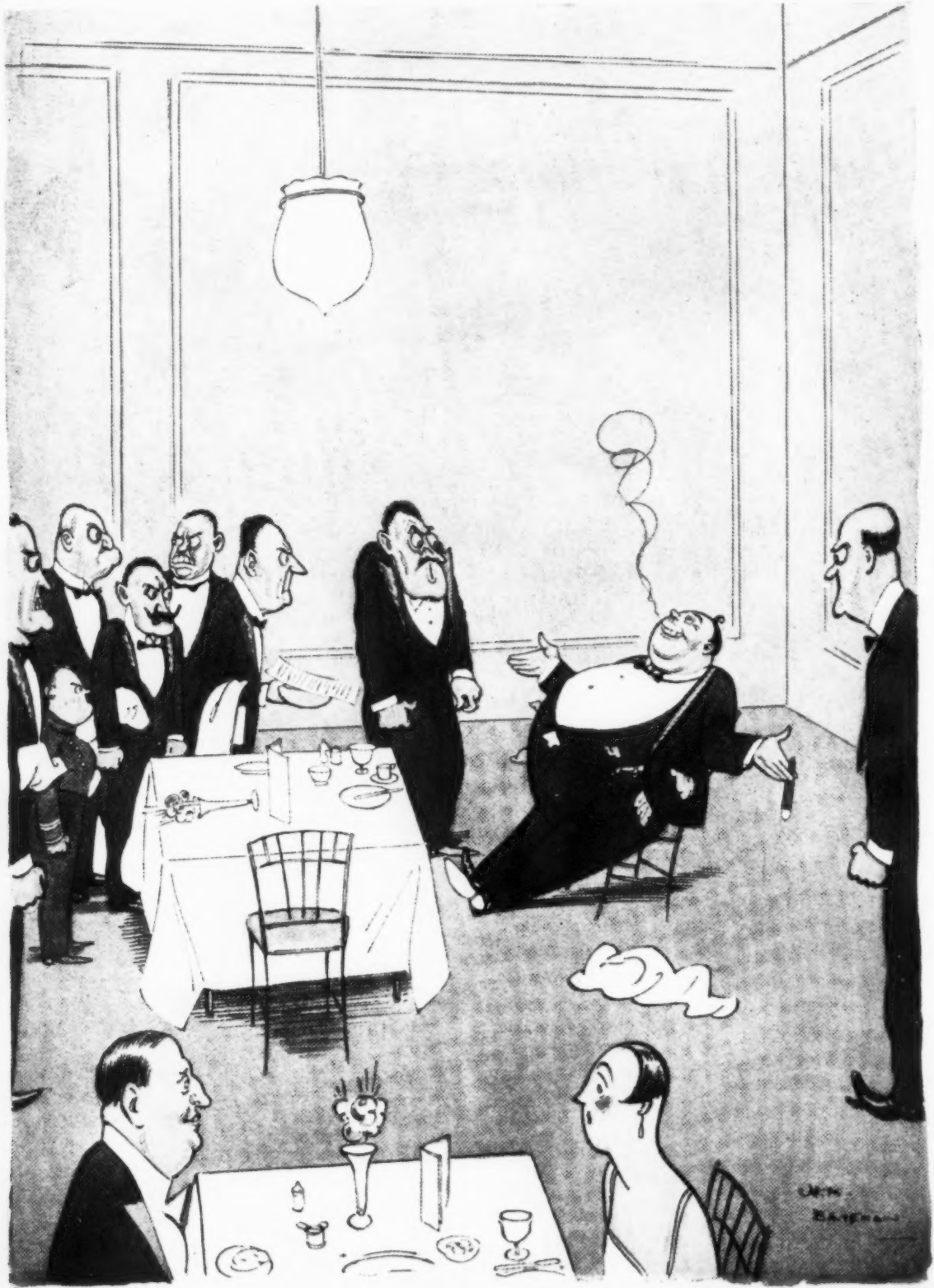
Out of approximately 44 different makes of American automobiles, the Cord offers the exclusive advantages of front-drive. . . .

When introduced about a year and a half ago, the Cord was an original, distinct advancement against the background of all other cars. Since then, its margin of fine-car leadership has widened daily due to the experience of the increasing number of Cord owners. . . . That it is foremost in design, is evidenced by the great number of 1931 models patterned after it, both here and abroad. . . . Now for the first time a Cord is available at the extremely low price of \$2395.

BROUGHAM \$2395 • SEDAN \$2395 • CONVERTIBLE CABRIOLET \$2495 • CONVERTIBLE
PHAETON SEDAN \$2595 • Prices f. o. b. Auburn, Indiana. Equipment other than standard, extra
AUBURN AUTOMOBILE COMPANY, AUBURN, INDIANA

CORD
FRONT DRIVE

The Family Album



Reprinted from LIFE, Jan. 14, 1926.

The diner who couldn't pay.

LIFE IN SOCIETY

Sir Lady and Edward Flagville, of Toronto, are occupying a suite of paragraphs in the *Herald-Tribune*.

Mr. and Mrs. S. W. Llewellyn of Llewellyn Park sailed yesterday on the Lapland for Los Angeles.

The Hon. Lady Emily Nason-Blenheim, of London and 66 Park Avenue, entertained at luncheon at Sherry's yesterday. Her guests excluded everybody called Mr., Miss or Mrs.

Mrs. Pemberton W. Snape, of Tarrytown, N. Y., has arrived at Coronado Beach for the rest of the season, which will be very difficult to get.

Philip O'Shaw, of New York, thought he entertained at dinner at the Pineneedles Inn for Miss Carolyn Rivernere and Miss Jean Thayer until their husbands turned up next day.

Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Prescott, of Boston, will entertain at dinner this evening for their house guests. The guests will be Count Wolfgang B. M. Kloeene, of Mecklenburg, Germany, Newport, Palm Beach, Southampton and Tuxedo Park.

The Scarsdale Garden Club will hold a chrysanthemum exhibition tomorrow at the Scarsdale Public Library, and next day they will read "The Letters of Henry Adams" in Mrs. Schuster's greenhouse.

Mrs. J. Borden Milliman arrived from Pinehurst yesterday and is at the *Herald-Tribune* to find out where she's going next.

—Jack Cluett.

ONLY A "BIRD" OF THE GILDED AGE . . . YET HE HAS "ATHLETE'S FOOT"



IT takes a lot to worry this boy. He has everything. Position, the finest of friends and plenty of time to enjoy the life of leisure. When he follows the hounds he does it with a field-glass. His friends ride his polo ponies and while he's kept pretty busy entertaining, his check book does most of the work.

Yes, he has everything—including "Athlete's Foot." Even while taking his tub where he got that red rash between the toes of his unathletic feet. He's almost ashamed to admit that it i-t-c-h-e-s and, while Perkins raises sympathetic eyebrows, neither of them even knows that it's the ringworm infection which attacks people in all walks of life—now commonly called "Athlete's Foot."

Are YOU guarding against this stealthy infection, so easily tracked into homes?

"Athlete's Foot" may attack any of us because, unlike most diseases, it persists in the cleanest places. A tiny vegetable parasite, *tinea trichophyton*, generally causes this ringworm infection and it thrives on the edges of showers and swimming pools; on locker- and dressing-room floors; in gymnasiums. And from all these places it

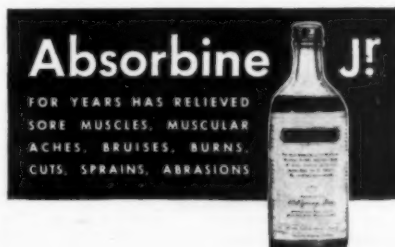
is continually tracked into countless homes. It may live and thrive for months in your own spick-and-span bathroom; and it causes infection and re-infection with great persistence. The U. S. Public Health Service has even reported that "probably half of all adults suffer from it at some time."

It has been found that Absorbine Jr. KILLS this ringworm germ

"Athlete's Foot" may start in a number of different ways. Sometimes the danger signal is redness between the toes; sometimes tiny, itching blisters. Again, the skin may turn white, thick and moist; or it may develop dryness, with little scales or skin-cracks. All of these conditions, it is agreed, are generally caused by the ringworm germ. And exhaustive laboratory tests have shown that Absorbine Jr. penetrates flesh-like tissues deeply and wherever it penetrates, it kills this germ. Results in actual cases confirm these laboratory tests.

It might not be a bad idea to examine your feet tonight for symptoms of "Athlete's Foot." At the first sign of any one symptom, begin the free use of Absorbine Jr.—douse it on morning and night and after every exposure of your bare feet on damp floors. If the case does not readily yield to this treatment you should see your doctor without delay.

Absorbine Jr. has been so effective that substitutes are sometimes offered. Don't expect relief from a "just as good." There is nothing else like Absorbine Jr. You can get it at all drug stores—\$1.25 a bottle. For a free sample, write W. F. Young, Inc., 362 Lyman Street, Springfield, Mass.



FOR VALUE RECEIVED



A GREAT MANY PEOPLE will tell you that the biggest single service that five cents can buy today is a local telephone call. Without question, it is big value . . . and value that steadily grows as new telephones come into your neighborhood.

There are times when telephone service is priceless . . . when the ability to call instantly a doctor, a policeman, or the fire department could not be measured in terms of money.

But it is not alone the emergencies that give the telephone its value. There are the common-places of every-day conversation . . . in the home, the shop, the office . . . whenever you wish two-way communication with any one, almost anywhere.

The telephone has become such

an every-day, matter-of-fact convenience—like running water and electricity—that it is natural to take it for granted. It is well to pause occasionally and consider the nation-wide organization of men, money, and materials that makes this vital service possible, and at such low cost.

Here is a system of the public, for the public . . . run on the barest margin of profit consistent with service, security, and expansion. A service that grows as the community grows . . . placing within the reach of an increasing number the means to talk back and forth with people in the next block, the next county, a distant state, a foreign country, or on a ship at sea!

No other money that you spend can bring you more actual value.

★ AMERICAN TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH COMPANY ★



GERMS ARE ALWAYS FOUND
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GLOVER'S
Imperial (BARCOPTIC)
MANGE MEDICINE
IS ANTISEPTIC—GERMICIDAL

**POSITIVELY REMOVES
DANDRUFF**

Write for FREE, New Booklet on Care and
Treatment of Scalp and Hair.
H. CLAY GLOVER CO., Inc. 119 Fifth Ave., N.Y.

"After all, who has the ideal husband?" demands a novelist. The wife's sister, as a rule. —*Passing Show*.

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"NEW YORK'S VERY BEST"
HOTEL
and
RESTAURANT
CABLE ADDRESS "MADISOTEL"
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THEODORE TITZE - Mgr.

Winners of Life's Cross Word Picture Puzzle No. 78

CLAM	DAY	HOSE
HIDE	AWAY	IRON
IDA	SMASH	ADD
COMPANY	ATLAS	
	HIS	ETA
QUAIL	AVERAGE	
URN	SHRED	DOG
AGES	AIR	SING
YEWS	SAY	UTES



Every dog has his day.

Miss Helene Sutro
606 West 116th St.
New York City

For explanation: One man's dog is another man's meat.

J. A. Strawson
598 Madison Avenue
New York City

For explanation: Mutt and chef.

Miss Betty Flynn
1799 Summit Avenue
St. Paul, Minn.

For explanation: Every day has its dog.

H. M. Caldwell
339 Carondelet St.
New Orleans, La.

For explanation: To be sure of fresh meat, get it on the hoof.

A. Craig Martin
1433 Lakewood Avenue
Lakewood, Cleveland, O.

For explanation: Opportunity passes your way but once.

**THE BRADFORD
of BOSTON**
A MODERN
MID-TOWN HOTEL
15 floors devoted to luxurious hospitality. Every room with bath. Single, \$3-\$4, Double, \$4.50-\$7.
L. C. PRIOR MANAGEMENT
TREMONT ST.—near Boston Common



America's Fastest
because . . .

**They Are
Hand-Built**

DESPITE the wholesome regard most Americans have for advanced production methods, the yachting fraternity have been quick to appraise and appreciate the craftsmanship of skilled hand work in the boats they own. Hackercraft are hand built. They are recognized for their superior strength, their renowned staunchness, smoothness and unbeatable speeds. Strip a Hackercraft to its bare frame—you'll see why they are spoken of as America's Finest—and Fastest. A visit to the Hacker plant will show what is meant by hand built—a ride will prove it. Send for the Hackercraft Boat Guide and catalog.

22½ to 38 ft. \$2495 to \$17000

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544 River Drive, Mt. Clemens, Mich.
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AMERICA'S FASTEST SPEED BOATS

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**FIGHT THEM OFF WITH
THIS LAXATIVE QUININE**



These tablets have been the world's most popular remedy for 41 years! At all drug stores.

Go out in bad weather if you must, but go in to the drug store on your way back for this safe, dependable cold remedy. It takes both a body tonic and a laxative to check colds and headaches quickly and comfortably. You get both in Grove's Laxative BROMO QUININE Tablets. Use them. Keep well.

**Grove's Laxative
• BROMO •
QUININE
Tablets**

Confidential Guide

(Continued from page 24)

the audience sits on the stage and the action takes place in the center of the theatre where by the way the seats have been taken out. And Al Jolson returns!

VICTOR RECORDS

"THE WALTZ YOU SAVED FOR ME" and "IN A WINDOW, IN A HOUSE, IN CAROLINE"—Wayne King and His Orchestra. Waltzes made charming and distinctive with violins and violin-clarinet combinations. Ernie Birchill sings vocal refrains.

"LADY, PLAY YOUR MANDOLIN" and "BLUE AGAIN"—The Revelers display the last word in harmonizing. Also a word of praise is due the person who makes the arrangements for these boys.

COLUMBIA

"HEARTACHES"—Guy Lombardo and His Royal Canadians. Swell number. Deliberate and sustained. *and*

"IT MUST BE TRUE"—Perky, dot-and-dash sort of horn playing by the same orchestra. Also recommended.

"SUGAR BLUES"—Clyde McCoy and His Orchestra. Much wah-wah trumpeting—resembling, in spots, a cats' jamboree. *and*

"READIN', RITIN', RHYTHM" (Movie—Heads Up)—Clyde improves without loss of pep.

BRUNSWICK

"I'M ONE OF GOD'S CHILDREN WHO HASN'T GOT WINGS" (Ballyhoo)—Libby Holman bemoanin' her unhappy fate. Monotonous tune. *and*

"LOVE FOR SALE" (The New Yorkers)—Miss Holman in a so-so rendition of Cole Porter's tuneful melody and frank lyrics.

"WHEN YOU WERE THE BLOSSOM IN BUTTERCUP LANE AND I WAS YOUR LITTLE BOY BLUE"—Nick Lucas and His Crooning Troubadours. After such a title, you can expect anything. Few measures of piano is the bright spot. *and*

"YOU DIDN'T HAVE TO TELL ME"—Same orchestra with some more singing by Nick.

SHEET MUSIC

"Out of Nowhere" (No show)

"We'll Be the Same" *and*

"I've Got Five Dollars" (America's Sweetheart)

"Hosanna" (No show)

"A Flower In A Book" (No Show)

The depression has finally been felt on Park Avenue where, it is said, the men on the corners are selling baked apples with cream.

—New York Mirror.

For busy men and women—Abbott's Bitters, a delightful tonic and invigorator. 50c sample Abbott's Bitters for 25c. Write Abbott's Bitters, Baltimore, Maryland.

"The present state of the country is enough to make any politician think," declares a contemporary. Well, that's something.
—The Humorist.

In a Pinch, use ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE



Character a blend of dignity and age marks the veteran pine even as a blend of flavory tobaccos creates character that wins you to

**Old
Briar
TOBACCO**

● There is something unusual about this fine tobacco that gives it preferred standing with men of critical judgment. They find it pleasing to the taste, of course, mellow and fragrant, but in addition they find in Old Briar a quality of life and sparkle that endows it with a character never met amongst old familiar blends.



15c
size

UNITED STATES
TOBACCO COMPANY
RICHMOND, VA., U. S. A.

Beginning a NEW SERIES by the Famous Author of
"THE SPECIALIST" and "I'LL TELL YOU WHY"

"Chic" Sale—The Specialist

has
SOMETHING
to say
about
the
"Good
Old Days"



WELL, Elmer, here we are in 1931 doin' everything slick as a whistle. Instead of milkin' a cow we jest put a bottle outside our door. If we want to go somewhere we jest step on the starter instead of chasin', catchin', bridlin' and saddlin' a horse. When we shave we jest yank out a safety razor and zip 'em off instead of honin', stroppin' and swearin' at a straight razor. Everything's modern.

Of course the good old customs was all right in their day. But even the folks that think they are pinin' away for them wouldn't give up electric lights fer oil lamps. In this age and time we have got to have efficiency, accuracy and speed. Well sir, the folks that use oil lamps now instead of electric lights ain't as far behind the times as the folks that use other things instead of these little chocolate tablets.

"Chic" Sale

"THESE little chocolate tablets"—meaning Ex-Lax—are to other laxatives what the electric light is to the oil lamp.

Ex-Lax is the modern way of keeping "regular"—keeping the system free of intestinal poisons.

Ex-Lax is scientific enough for doctors—pleasant enough for children—effective enough for everybody.

Not absorbed by the system; non-habit forming; won't disturb digestion. Ex-Lax is the perfect laxative!

10c, 25c and 50c sizes—at all druggists.

Write for FREE SAMPLE—

To The Ex-Lax Company, Dept. LF321, P. O. Box 170, Times Plaza Station, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Keep "regular" with
EX-LAX
The Chocolated Laxative



The Modernistic Treatment

"Porter!"

"Yes, madam, what is it you wish?"

"I just found two strange men in my apartment, and I want you to put one of them out."

—Lyre.

JONES: Have you heard the tale of the absent-minded professor who went to step in his car and fell over because it wasn't there?

ROBINSON: No; but did you hear of the man who struck a match to see if he had switched off the electric light?

—Pearson's.

Hope I meet that Bull-dog!



SERGEANT'S Condition Pills keep your dog feeling fit, and help him to resist disease. If your dog is irritable, restless, off his feed, give him Sergeant's Condition Pills for a week. They'll keep him on his toes!

Try feeding your dog Sergeant's Dog Food, the complete ration that contains plenty of freshly cooked beef. It builds health and stamina. We guarantee he will like it.

A Famous Dog Book Free

For complete information on how to care for your dog, diagnose and treat his ailments, feed and rear him properly . . . write for your free copy of Sergeant's Dog Book. 48 pages of information that every dog owner needs. Contains "Symptom Chart" and many pictures. Get your copy. It may save your dog's life. It's Free.

Our veterinarian will give you free advice about your dog's health. Write him fully.

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Sergeant's DOG MEDICINES

"A MEDICINE FOR EVERY DOG AILMENT"

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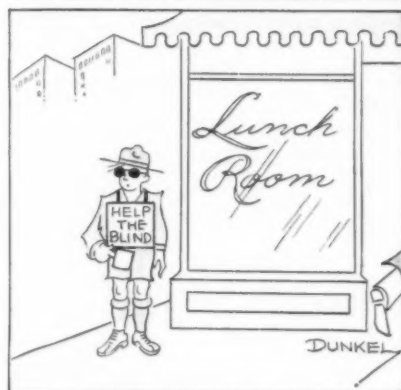
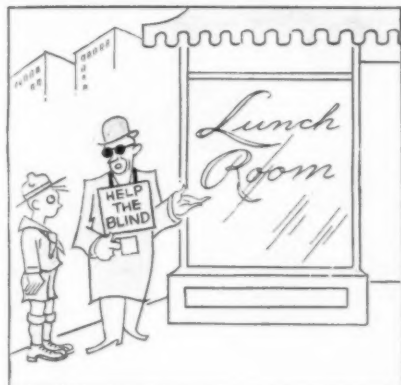
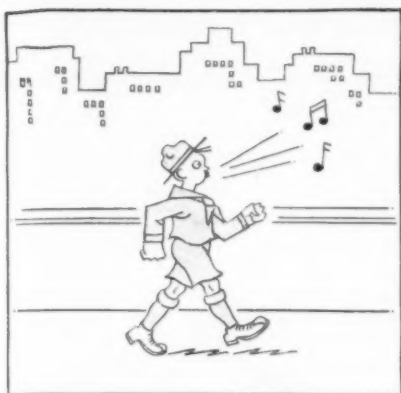
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To be clean, odorless and comfortable, a man's head needs light shampooing frequently, which takes but a moment. Glo-co replaces natural oils and controls hair perfectly. Checks dandruff, too. No gummy feeling... No unnatural shine . . . 50¢ and 75¢ at all Drug Stores

GLO-CO
UNSCENTED
LIQUID HAIR DRESSING



The Daily Deed.

Answers to Anagrams.

On Page 22

- (1) Morale.
- (2) Trellis.
- (3) Diogenes.
- (4) Impugned.
- (5) Patches.

Blue worms with green stripes have been discovered. We believe this to be an infringement of some club-tie or other.

—Punch.

Why choose between SLEEP AND COFFEE

If you have been forced to give up coffee at night because it keeps you awake, discover the joy of coffee that lets you sleep—the IMPROVED Kellogg's Kaffee Hag Coffee.

Drink all you wish of Kaffee Hag Coffee. It cannot affect your sleep or nerves. Because the harmful effects of caffeine are removed.

Yet all the wonderful flavor that you love is in the IMPROVED Kellogg's Kaffee Hag Coffee. It is not a substitute. It is a new, delicious blend of

the world's choicest coffees. The IMPROVED Kellogg process and the recent price reduction make Kellogg's Kaffee Hag Coffee more popular than ever—the choice of all coffee lovers who have denied themselves their favorite beverage.

Let tonight see the return of coffee to your table—Kellogg's Kaffee Hag Coffee. At all grocers in vacuum-sealed tins. Or, the coupon will bring you a generous sample. Made by Kellogg in Battle Creek.

RADIO Tune in the beautiful Kellogg's Kaffee Hag Coffee Slumber Music every Sunday evening from 10.30 to 11.00 (Eastern standard time) over WJZ and associated stations of the N. B. C.



Kellogg's

KAFFEE HAG COFFEE

KELLOGG COMPANY

Dept. AA-3, Battle Creek, Michigan

Please send me, postpaid, sample can of Kellogg's Kaffee Hag Coffee. I enclose ten cents (stamps or coin). (Offer good in U. S. A. only.)

Name _____

Address _____



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"Life gets better every week". We hear it every day. You can enjoy this rising humor market by taking advantage of Life's special offer and assuring yourself of future exercise for your sense of humor with

**LIFE for Ten Weeks
One Dollar**

(Foreign, \$1.40)

One Year \$5
Foreign \$6.60

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FUN on the rollicking way to EUROPE



Boys will be boys, and girls, girls... whether they're 16 or 60! They can be themselves in the rollicking, frolicking Tourist third cabin on IMM liners. They start having fun in the morning, have fun all day, and laugh themselves to sleep at night. But they do settle down to some serious eating three times a day.

\$105 up

NO CLASS DISTINCTIONS on the Tourist third cabin liners de luxe, *Pennland* and *Westernland*. Their entire Cabin accommodations are devoted exclusively to Tourists. The only steamers of their kind in the world.

Also delightful Tourist third cabin accommodations on such famous liners as *Majestic*, world's largest ship; *Olympic*, *Homeric*, *Belgenland*, *Britannic*, *Lapland*, *Adriatic* and others.

Several sailings each week to the principal ports of Europe and the British Isles.

Send for fascinating literature describing our Tourist third cabin in detail.



30 Principal Offices in the U. S. and Canada. Main Office, No. 1 Broadway, New York. Authorized agents everywhere.

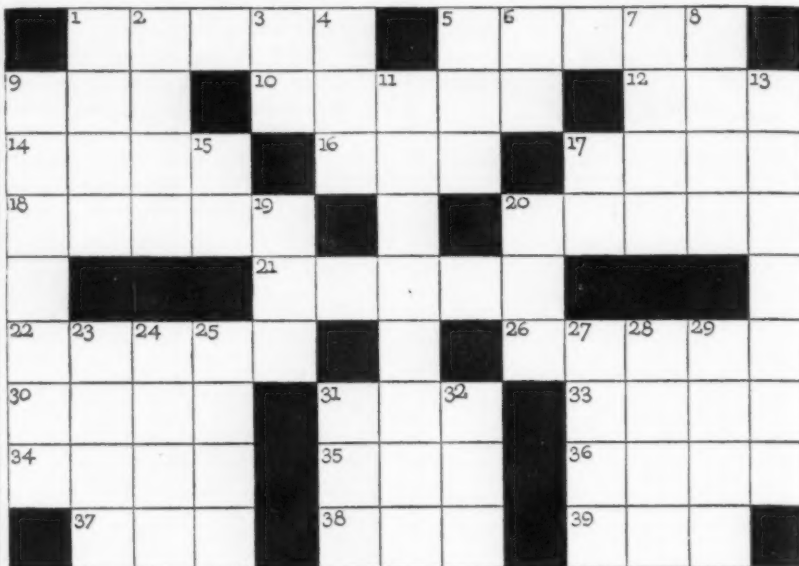
WHITE STAR • RED STAR
ATLANTIC TRANSPORT
International Mercantile Marine Lines

LIFE'S CROSS WORD PICTURE PUZZLE NO. 83

After you have solved the puzzle and got the correct title for the picture, the words of which are in the puzzle, give your explanation of it in not more than fifteen words.

Send in the completed puzzle with the title and your explanation. The cleverest explanations will be printed, and LIFE will pay \$5 for each one accepted.

Send all puzzles to Puzzle Editor, LIFE, 60 East 42nd Street, New York. Contest for this issue closes April 3, 1931.



ACROSS

1. Monkey business in the theatre.
5. He proved there's no keeping a good man down.
9. European fish.
10. Lounges.
12. Abyssinian Governor.
14. Scotch uncles.
16. To move like a ferryboat.
17. Sacred language of India.
18. All hot and bothered.
20. A man of iron.
21. European city.
22. Decree.
26. A ring that's been much fought over.
30. Slippery.
31. Stick in the mud.
33. Hebrew month.
34. Short letter.
35. Highest note in Guido's scale.
36. Natives.
37. A fox (Old English).
38. This is precious.
39. Cathedral town in England.

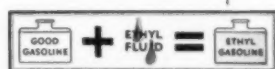
DOWN

1. To get a move on.
2. Little songs.
3. Pronoun.
4. This cleans up.
5. A greenhorn.
6. Bone (Latin).
7. A sheik.
8. Light around the head.
9. Sentimental gathering.
11. This usually carries a banner.
13. The fellers around the cracker barrel.
15. Compass point.
17. Italian river.
19. Article.
20. Fabric.
23. Luxurious growth.
24. A low-voiced lady.
25. Colored.
27. Lower to the ground.
28. A heathen God.
29. A nit-wit.
31. To ask something for nothing.
32. A herd of whales.



Smoothly Swiftly Surely

Watch wild geese against the sky. The power in their wings is under perfect control. To put the power in your automobile under better control, leading oil companies add Ethyl fluid to good gasoline to form Ethyl Gasoline. The fluid regulates combustion in the motor, preventing uneven explosions that cause power waste, "knock" and overheating. Ethyl makes such a difference in car performance that one pump in five now bears the Ethyl emblem. Ethyl Gasoline Corporation, Chrysler Building, New York.



The active ingredient used in Ethyl fluid is lead.

© E. G. C. 1931

ETHYL GASOLINE

~ ~ ~

"I've ridden the Western Plains



yet you'll meet me in the thick of a Broadway crowd"

It's a far cry from the cow country to Broadway. But what it takes to make the broncho buster "open up" about his cigarette is exactly what you want in your smoke. *Taste*—and lots of it! And taste is a matter of tobacco quality, nothing else. What you taste in Chesterfield is milder, better tobaccos — not another thing!



*They satisfy
—that's why!*

